

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# ROCKY LANE

No. 67

Featuring His Stallion BLA

CK

## WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

10¢





IN THIS ISSUE....

# Rocky Lane

ROCKY LANE,  
SECRET MARSHAL,  
FIGHTS FOR LAW  
AND ORDER IN  
ACTION-PACKED  
WESTERN THRILLERS.

A THRILLING SAGA OF  
THE WEST FILLED WITH  
FAST MOVING ACTION  
IN THIS STORY OF  
"REVENGE"



Dick  
Siemens

ROCKY LANE'S LIFE IS IN  
GREAT DANGER, AND ONLY  
FATE CAN PREDICT THE  
OUTCOME OF HIS ADVENTURES  
IN "REVENGE"



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
in their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC HOUSE \* BADGE OF JUSTICE \* BLUE BEETLE \* COWBOY WESTERN \* DANGER and ADVENTURE \* FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN \* GARRY HAYES \* HOT RODS and RACING CARS \* LASH LARUE \* MONTE HALE \* MY LITTLE MARGIE \* ROCKY LANE \* SIX-GUN HEROES \* SOLDIER and MARINE \* SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER \* SWEETHEARTS \* TEX RITTER \* This Is SUSPENSE \* TRUE LIFE SECRETS \* TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY \* WIN-A-PRIZE \* ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

# Rocky Lane

in the

## REVENGE

CHAPTER ONE - OUTLAW RUSE

WHEN A MAN WHOSE  
DAYS ARE NUMBERED  
DECIDES ON HIS STRANGE  
MACABRE REVENGE, ROCKY  
LANE FINDS HIS LIFE IS  
IN GREAT DANGER!



DEEP IN THE HILLS, A SAINT MAN  
ONLY LEAVES A HEARTY!

RECKON ILL--(COUGH-COUGH)--  
SIT TO TOWN BY--(COUGH)--THE  
AFTERNOON MAIL--  
(COUGH)!



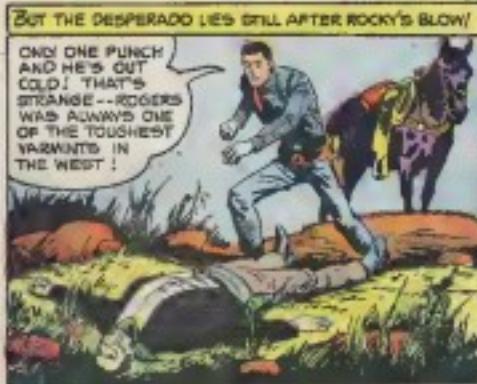
I--(COUGH-COUGH)--  
AIN'T GOT MUCH--  
TIME--(COUGH)--  
LEFT!



MANY HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN  
OF RIVEREDGE--







AND LATER, AT THE POST OFFICE ---

SO HE MAILED  
SOME LETTERS,  
EH, CLEM?

YEP! DON'T RECALL HOW MANY.  
BUT THEY'RE GONE WITH THE LAST  
MAIL! BUT THIS ONE AND THIS  
PACKAGE STAYED --- THEY'RE  
ADDRESSED TO YOU, MARSHAL!



AND WHEN ROCKY OPENED THE PACKAGE ---

LEAPIN'  
LIZARDS!...  
GOLD!

STOLEN GOLD-CLUM! BUT WHY SHOULD  
ROGERS SEND IT TO ME? MAYBE  
THIS LETTER WILL TELL!  
I'LL READ IT AND SEE  
IF HIS CONSCIENCE  
WAS BOthering HIM!

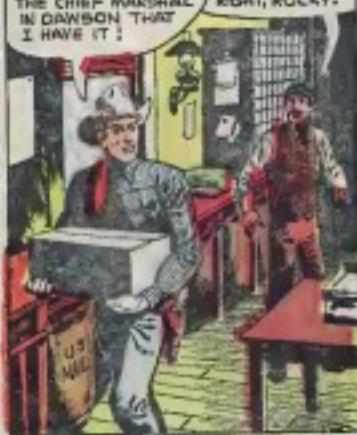


A MIGHTY ODD LETTER, CLEM,  
BUT I RECKON IT'S THE LAST  
DEFIANT GESTURE OF A DINS  
DESPERADO! I'LL TAKE THE  
GOLD TO THE OFFICE NOW!



I'LL COUNT THIS GOLD AND KEEP IT AT  
THE OFFICE! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT  
WHICH OF ROGERS' VICTIMS IT RIGHT-  
FULLY BELONGS TO!  
MEANWHILE, WIRE  
THE CHIEF MARSHAL  
IN DAWSON THAT  
I HAVE IT!

RIGHT, ROCKY?



THE NEXT MORNING, IN ANOTHER COUNTY, A BEARDED MAN READS  
HIS MAIL!

DEAR RED, I'M A  
SICK MAN AND WILL  
NOT LIVE LONG, THE  
GOLD WE FELL OUT  
OVER IS AT THE  
MARSHAL'S OFFICE  
AT RIVEREDGE. I  
CAN'T TAKE IT WITH  
ME SO YOU'RE  
WELCOME TO IT...  
SLICK.



THE MARSHAL'S  
OFFICE, EH? I'LL  
GIT STARTED  
RIGHT AWAY!  
MEBBE SLICK  
WROTE THE  
OTHERS,  
TOO!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN TWO OTHER HIDE-OUTS, TWO MORE MEN RECEIVE LETTERS!

THE MURKIN'S OFFICE  
IN RIVEREDGE, EH? I  
GOTTA GIT THAT FIRST!

I ALWAYS KNEW I'D GIT  
THAT GOLD SOMEDAY!

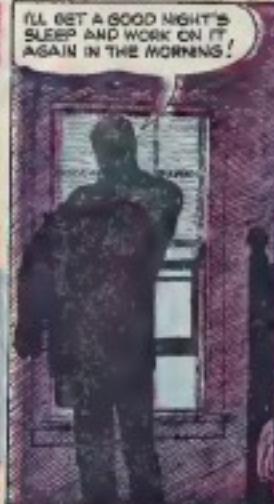
AND MOMENTS LATER, TWO RIDERS GALLOP OFF...



ONE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT, AND  
IN RIVEREDGE, ROCKY LANE  
PREPARES TO RETIRE.

HMM--(YAWN)--TIRED TONIGHT!  
ALL DAY I'VE BEEN FIGURING  
HOW TO DIVIDE THAT GOLD  
FAIRLY AMONG ROGERS'  
VICTIMS.

I'LL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S  
SLEEP AND WORK ON IT  
AGAIN IN THE MORNING!



But later, as Rocky sleeps---

THERE HE IS--  
ASLEEP! THE GOLD  
MUST BE IN THE  
SAFE!



WHAT'S THAT...? WHO'S  
THERE?

HE HEARD  
ME! I'LL HAVE  
TO MOVE  
FAST!



THIS'LL KEEP YEH  
QUIET!

BUH!



AND WHEN RUCKY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS--

OHH, MY HEAD'S STILL RINGING ! THE SAFE'S BEEN JAMMED OPEN ! THE GOLD IS GONE !



I'LL FIX  
YOU...

GUESS  
AGAIN !



M-Y-Y JAW---  
D-DON'T HIT  
ME AGAIN !

COME FOR THE GOLD, DIDN'T  
YOU ? TOO BAD---SOME OTHER  
COYOTE BEAT YOU TO IT !



AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE THIRD CUTTHROAT ARRIVES !

THAT'S TEX TANKER !  
SO SLICK SENT HIM  
A LETTER, TOO !  
I'M HERE AND LANE  
HAS CAUGHT TEX.  
THAT LEAVES ONLY  
ONE OF THE OLD  
GANG --- RED !



RED GOT HERE BEFORE  
TEK, AND TOOK THE  
GOLD ! BUT HE WON'T  
KEEP IT ! I KNOW  
HIS HIDE-OUT !  
I'LL GET HIM  
THERE !



AND AFTER THE OUTLAW IS BEHIND  
BARS ---

SO THAT'S WHAT  
ROGERS' LETTER  
MEANT WHEN HE  
SAID HE'D HAVE THE  
LAST LAUGH ! HE  
PLANNED IT PER-  
FECTLY, KNOWING  
THOSE COYOTES  
WOULD COME FOR  
THE GOLD WHEN  
THEY GOT THEIR  
LETTERS !



IF ROGERS  
WERE ALIVE,  
I COULD MAKE  
HIM TALK !  
BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE  
NOW !



MEANWHILE, ROCKY HAS SEARCHED  
HIS PRISONER, AND ---

A LETTER --- FROM  
SLICK ROGERS SAY-  
ING HE SENT ME THE  
GOLD ! I SEE I  
WASN'T THE ONLY  
ONE TO WHOM HE  
WROTE ABOUT THE  
GOLD !



THAT EXPLAINS THE FIRST WAR-  
MINT ! HE OBVIOUSLY GOT A  
LETTER, TOO ! I START WALKING !  
YOUR NEXT MAILING ADDRESS  
WILL BE THE COUNTY PRISON !



AND HE KNEW WHAT THIS  
WOULD DO TO ME -- TO  
MY CAREER ! THAT GOLD  
WAS DUMPED INTO MY  
LAP TO PROTECT !



ROGERS SENT TWO  
LETTERS, THAT I KNOW !  
ONE TO TEK TANKER,  
BUT WHO DID THE  
OTHER GO TO ?  
IT COULD'VE  
BEEN ANYBODY  
-- ANYBODY !



ROGERS ESCAPED ME ONCE  
BEFORE, AND NOW, HE'S  
MADE ME THE GOAT OF HIS  
PLAN ! IT'LL MEAN MY BADGE  
UNLESS I CAN GET THE GOLD  
BACK AND THE VARMINT  
WHO TOOK IT !



CAN ROCKY  
POSSIBLY UNRAVEL  
THE NET OF DEFEAT?  
THE HOLLOW  
LAUGHTER OF AN  
OUTLAW'S BRAVE  
RING OUT

READ ON FOR  
PART II



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# DEAD SHOT



TWO MORE guns let go.  
*Bang! Bang! Bang! Whhhizzzzzz!*

Buzz Tricklin ducked the flying bullets and laid spurs to his cayuse. He risked a glance back. The sheriff of Necktie Rim and his deputy weren't far behind. Buzz groaned. He was an expert shot, but there wasn't any use answering fire when he had to turn on a bucking horse. It looked like the beginning of the end—the end being a cheap funeral at the expense of the county. Buzz was almost sorry he'd busted into that bank in Necktie Rim. Not for a long time had he had such a close brush with the law. But he didn't think the Sheriff had got more than a slight look at him.

More shots came whistling by.

*Clunk!*

The last bag of gold Buzz had taken from the bank hit the ground behind him. His horse immediately responded to the lightened load. Within minutes he drew out of range, pulled up behind a rock and waited. There was a thunder of hoofs as the Sheriff and his deputy shot by. Buzz immediately took off in a different direction—toward Thunderstone.

He was surprised to find it a fairly large town. He hitched his cayuse to a rail outside the saloon and walked up the steps. At the entrance he paused, looking over the swinging doors, sweeping the room. No, he knew no one inside. It was a quiet crowd, mostly nesters and ranch hands.

He strode up to the bar.

Beside him, two well-dressed men were talking about money. Buzz instantly pricked up his ears. He needed money. All he had left was a fifty-cent piece.

"I don't trust those men we hired for guards," one man said. "But the bank shipment's got to get to the county capital. Too bad we haven't got Dead-Shot Burns around to keep an eye on the gold."

The other nodded vigorously.

"Only honest man I ever heard of. But Dead-Shot's up in Nevada. Never came down this way. If he did, I'd give him a job keeping an eye on our gold shipments at any price he asked!"

"Little guy, wasn't he?" The first asked. "Never saw him myself."

"I never did either, but he had a reputation. Short little feller, handle-bar moustaches. Always chewed tobacco." The second man heaved a sigh. "No use, we'll have to ship the gold anyway."

A bright light burst suddenly in Buzz Tricklin's brain. He looked covertly at himself in the bar mirror. What he saw was a short man with handlebar moustaches, tough as nails. Buzz hated chewing tobacco, but he saw a packaged container down the bar. Sliding down he bought a chaw, stuffed it in his mouth and took his place again.

"Beg pardon, pardner!" Buzz said, deliberately bumping into the first man he'd heard talk. He raised his hat politely. "Buy you a drink?" He put out his hand. "My name's Dead-Shot Burns. Just got into town!"

The other and the man beside him raised their eyebrows.

"Dead-Shot Burns did you say?"

"Yep," Buzz acknowledged, chewing his tobacco with a fair imitation of enthusiasm. "Heard things were pretty bad down in Thunderstone and Necktie Rim country. Came down to see if I could help."

In two minutes he had a job.

The two bank officials—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Trapper—took Buzz right down to the bank. They explained the situation to him. All he had to do was keep an eye on the gold and on the two hired guards, convoy the gold to the county capital and see it safely deposited.

"You mean you can't trust 'em?" Buzz asked, whispering behind one hand.

"Can't trust anybody around here," Mr. Trapper replied, careful not to be overheard. "We pay our hired guards well, but I've never heard of the man yet who could carry fifty thousand in gold and not reckon his chances for running away with it." He paused and bowed. "Except you, of course, Dead Shot!"

Fifty thousand dollars! Buzz smiled inwardly. His plan was clear. Since he was keeping an eye on the shipment, all he had to do was wait until a suitable spot was reached, then go

for his hog-legs.

The shipment was taken down to the Sheriff's office, sealed up officially, witnessed and then slung in gold-packs over the saddle horn of a pack horse.

Buzz made for his own nag.

"Slap saddle, boys," he called to the two hired guards, an eye on their Winchesters. He'd have to be mighty careful to keep them from whipping the deadly rifles around at the wrong time.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Kenyon said, as the group stood outside the Sheriff's office. Two men were riding hard down the street.

The Sheriff of Thunderstone grinned.

"That's Sheriff Basby of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz Tricklin's heart gave a sudden leap. His eyes swerved from side to side. Then he remembered that Basby hadn't got more than a perfunctory glance at his face. He reckoned he was safe.

Basby came up with his deputy and explained. It seemed they'd both been chasing a bank robber all the way from Necktie Rim. Somewhere along the way they'd lost him. Had anybody seen a lobo with larceny in his eyes? Nobody had.

"Sorry to hurry you boys," Mr. Trapper said. "But you'd better be on your way. That gold has got to get where it's going, fast."

"Reckon we'll ride along," Sheriff Basby said. "Keep you company and be extra protection."

Buzz Tricklin got on his cayuse. He was feeling like the last stages of a deadly illness. All his fine plans had dissolved into thin air. Handling two bank guards was tough enough, but with a Sheriff and a deputy thrown in, he couldn't see his way clear to get that fifty thousand in gold. For an instant he was tempted to really play at being Dead Shot Burns for a couple of weeks and earn some honest money. But he shuddered at the thought.

The convoy rode out of town. Buzz kept his eyes on the Sheriff who rode in front of him. Sheriff Basby, he concluded, was a wary character who had an itchy trigger finger for badmen. The same went for the deputy who rode behind, with the two bank guards and the pack horse. Buzz kept his mouth shut and thought how hard it was for a bank robber who only wanted a chance to earn a little dishonest money.

About five miles from the county capital they entered a narrow gorge. Buzz sat disconsolately on his cayuse as the convoy rattled through. When they got to the other side, they

had to ride through a stand of thick pine. Suddenly he heard a hoarse shout and a thud of hoofs.

"They got my gun!" Basby's deputy yelled. "They got the pack horse! Stop 'em!"

So the bank guards had been crooked! Buzz wasn't excited at the thought. Then the Sheriff looked back and yelled.

"Gun 'em down!"

Buzz looked at the Sheriff sourly. After all, why should he get mad at a couple of fellow-operators. Vaguely he even wished them good luck. Then, just as they passed him, thundering by, one of them side-swiped his head with a gun butt. Buzz saw stars for an instant. After that he saw red.

The Sheriff was firing, but too slowly. With the pack horse in tow, the two renegade guards were getting away, high, wide and handsome. Coolly, Buzz drew and fired. He fired only four times. Two hundred yards away, the fleeing men drew up and stopped. Men can't ride horses when both arms have bullets in them!

"Good shootin'!" the Sheriff commented, as with the two renegade guards attended to and tied upon their horses, they proceeded again toward their destination. "What did you say your name was?"

"Dead Shot Burns," Buzz remarked. He was figuring how, with the odds cut down he could grab the money.

Then he looked up into the muzzle of Sheriff Basby's guns. Basby's deputy rode up behind him and silently lifted his hog-legs out of their holsters.

"You got me wrong, Basby!" Buzz began, his spine icy.

"No I haven't," Basby said. "If you're Dead Shot Burns, I'm a cottonwood tree!"

"I just proved I was, didn't I?" Buzz asked desperately. "Knocked off those two hombres at two hundred yards, didn't I?"

**D**EAD-Shot Burns couldn't hit the side of a mountain at fifty paces with a gun," the Sheriff said grimly. "He got that nickname just for a joke. What he was really known for was his honesty. You look a little like Dead Shot, but when I saw you shoot those owl hoots I knew you couldn't be." Basby leaned closer. "But come to think of it, pardner, I've seen you somewhere—this afternoon, for instance, high-tailin' it out of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz sighed. He could see the bars in his cell already!

THE END

# Rocky Lane

## "REVENGE"

CHAPTER TWO "DANGER MARS THE TRAIL"

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START! ROGERS MAY HAVE SENT ANY HODDLUM ONE OF THOSE LETTERS SAYING HE'D LEFT THE GOLD WITH ME!



FROM OUT OF THE GRAVE,  
THE DEAD OUTLAW'S VENGE-  
FUL PLOT COMES TRUE.  
ROCKY LANE IS FACED WITH  
THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE  
TASK OF FINDING WHO THE  
DEAD MAN SENT TO STEAL  
THE GOLD HE LEFT WITH  
ROCKY.

OR HE MAY HAVE SENT A HUNDRED! THE POSTMAN SAID HE DOESN'T REMEMBER HOW MANY ROGERS MAILED WHEN HE SENT MINE!



I'LL GO SEE DOCTOR FORREST; HE MADE THE FINAL MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF ROGERS! MAYBE I'LL FIND A LEAD AMONG ROGERS' BELONGINGS!

FEW MINUTES LATER...

GLAD YOU STOPPED BY, MARSHAL! I WAS JUST FINISHING MY REPORT: ROGERS DIED OF A LUNG CONDITION---NO COMPLICATIONS!

THANKS, DOC, BUT I CAME TO ASK WHAT YOU FOUND WHEN YOU WENT THROUGH ROGERS PERSONAL EFFECTS!

THESE ARE HIS THINGS, ROCKY! NOTHING MUCH, EXCEPT PERHAPS THIS LITTLE BLACK ADDRESS BOOK!

ADDRESS BOOK...?

HERE--IT'S EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THOSE THREE NAMES WRITTEN IN IT! SEE...?

HMM!

ADDRESSES

East Creek  
Little Creek Hill  
Tee Tanker Ridge Rock  
Cypress Falls  
Brook Hill

THIS MIGHT BE IT--DOC! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE WHERE I'VE A MAP OF THE COUNTY!

GOOD LUCK, MARSHAL!

AND BACK AT THE OFFICE...

I THINK I'M GETTING TO SOMETHING!



ROGERS MUST HAVE SENT THREE LETTERS, ONE TO TEX TANKER, WHOM HE ALREADY KILLED! IT'S ONE OF THE OTHER TWO WHO HAS THE GOLD!



BY THE ADDRESSES IN THIS BOOK, ROGERS' THREE LETTERS WENT TO THESE PLACES! ALL THREE ARE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE HILL COUNTRY. ALL LETTERS WERE MAILED AT ONCE, SO THEY ALL REACHED THEIR DESTINATIONS AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME!



FIGURING ALL THREE VARMINTS LEFT THEIR HIDE-OUTS AT THE SAME TIME, NONE OF THEM COULD REACH MY OFFICE HERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL!



BUT THE VARMINT LIVING THE NEAREST WOULD NATURALLY GET HERE FIRST, AND BY MY RULER THAT MAKES IT-RED CORVET! SO HE'S THE ONE WITH THE GOLD NOW!



I'M HEADING FOR LITTLE CREEK HILL AND RED CORVET!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'VE A NIGHT OF HARD RIDING AHEAD! WE OUGHT TO REACH LITTLE CREEK HILL ABOUT NOON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE THIRD COYOTE IN ROGERS' BOOK-GY FALLS, BUT I RECKON I'LL MEET UP WITH HIM SOON ENOUGH!



RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT,  
ROCKY REACHES HIS DESTINATION!

BABY DOES IT,  
BLACK JACK !  
THIS IS LITTLE  
CREEK HILL !

RED CORVET'S  
PLACE SHOULD  
BE RIGHT  
CLOSE !

WHOA, BLACK JACK !  
SMOKE JUST AHEAD,  
FROM A CABIN, TO  
SAY ! I'LL GO  
AFOOT FROM  
HERE !

THERE IT IS --- AND  
CORVET'S GOT COM-  
PANY, IT SEEMS ! THAT  
ONE HORSE HASN'T  
BEEN HERE TOO LONG !  
HE'S STILL SWEATED  
FROM HARD  
RIDING !

CAREFULLY, ROCKY CREEPS TO THE LITTLE CABIN !

WHAT IF SUCK ROGERS DID  
SEND US ALL LETTERS ? HE  
LEFT IT UP TO THE BEST  
OF US TO GIT THE GOLD !

I SAY HE MEANT  
FOR US TO SHARE  
IT AND YOU'RE  
GOINGA SHARE IT  
WITH ME !

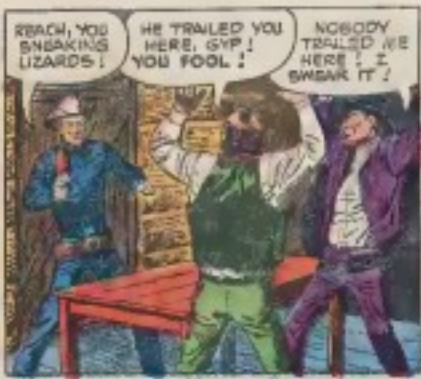
I GOT THERE JUST  
AFTER TEK ! I SAID  
ROCKY LANE HAS HIM ;  
THAT MAKES IT JUST  
A TWO-WAY SPLIT ---  
YOU AND ME !

STOP WASTIN' YORE  
BREATH, GYP ! I'VE  
GOT THE GOLD AND  
I'M KEEPIN' IT ! WITH  
SUCK DEAD, NOBODY'S  
GONNA FIND OUT WHO  
HAS IT !

BUT SUDDENLY-----

NETHER OF YOU IS  
KEEPIN' IT ! YOU'RE  
BOTH GOING TO JAIL  
PRONTO !

IT'S ROCKY  
LANE !



BUT...

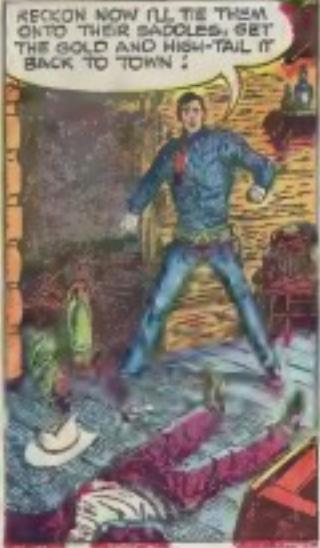
THAT'S ENOUGH, MARSHAL!  
THIS IS WHERE YOU BOW OUT  
FOR GOOD... AND WITH YOUR  
OWN GUN, TOO!



THIS'LL FLATTEN  
YOUR WHISKERS  
BONE!



RECKON NOW I'LL TIE THEM  
ONTO THEIR SADDLES, SET  
THE GOLD AND HIGH-TAIL IT  
BACK TO TOWN!



LATER THAT EVENING, BACK  
IN RIVEREDGE --

ROGERS' PLAN DIDN'T  
SUCCEED, AFTER ALL, DOC! HE  
FIGURED HE'D HAVE THE LAST  
LAUGH [ I WAS TO BE THE  
NUMBER ONE GOAT ]



BUT NO LAWLESS  
WARRANT CAN  
MAKE A LAUGH-  
ING STOCK OF  
THE GOLD'S  
BEING RE-  
TURNED TO THE  
OWNERS, AND  
SLICK ROGERS'  
REVENGE, LIKE  
HE MAY TRY!

THAT'S  
RIGHT, DOC!  
THE GOLD'S  
BEING RE-  
TURNED TO THE  
OWNERS, AND  
SLICK ROGERS'  
REVENGE, LIKE  
HE MAY TRY!



# ROPPIN' N RIDIN'

With



HOWDY, PARTNERS,

I'M WEARING A SMILE BIGGER THAN USUAL THIS MONTH, IT'S BECAUSE I SAW BILL HOWARD TODAY. HE'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND FEELING FIT AS A FIDDLE AGAIN. AND EVEN BETTER THAN THAT, HE'S LEARNED SOMETHING HE WON'T EVER FORGET.

YOU SEE, PARTNERS, BILL HOWARD WAS ALWAYS SORT OF A TOO-SMART-FOR-HIS-OWN-GOOD KINDA' KNOB. HE NEVER BELIEVED IN LISTENING TO WHAT OTHER FOLKS TOLD HIM. BILL ALWAYS SAID HE WASN'T AFRAID OF ANY HORSE THAT LIVED. THERE WASN'T A HORSE HE COULDN'T HANDLE IN JIG-TIME! WELL, NOW, ANY SENSIBLE COWHAND KNOWS THAT A HORSE DOESN'T USUALLY TALK TO A STRANGER RIGHT AWAY. HE'S GOT TO GET TO KNOW YOU FIRST. YOU'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM, LET HIM GIVE YOU A GOOD LOOKING OVER AND THEN MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM. AFTER THAT, WHY IT'S USUALLY ALL RIGHT.

BUT BILL HOWARD NEVER BELIEVED IN THAT. WHEN HE SAW A HORSE HE LIKED, HE'D GO RIGHT OVER—SLAP HIS NECK OR WITHERS, SOME-TIMES SWING RIGHT UP ON THE SADDLE. SURE, I TOLD HIM MANY TIMES, MYSELF, NOT TO DO THAT. BUT HE KEPT ON DOING IT, TILL THAT DAY, CY FRITCH HAD BROUGHT HIS NEW HORSE INTO THE STABLES AND BILL WENT IN TO SEE HIM. CY SAID STAY AWAY TILL HE GETS TO KNOW YOU, BUT BILL DIDN'T LISTEN. HE WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE HORSE WITH A ROUGH AND RAPPY AIR. NEXT THING WE KNEW THAT HORSE HAD REARED UP AND AWAY FROM BILL. BUT BILL STILL CAME AT HIM AND THEN THE HORSE GOT ANGRY. HE TRAMPLED BILL HOWARD PRETTY BAD BEFORE WE COULD PULL BILL FROM THE STABLE. IT WASN'T THE HORSE THAT WAS TO BLAME. HE WAS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYTHING. IT WAS BILL'S OWN FOOLISHNESS.

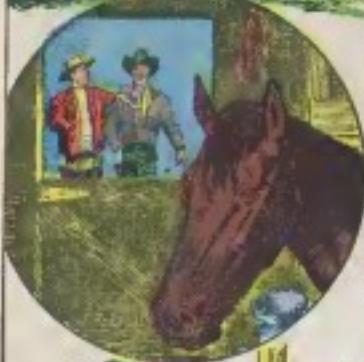
I'VE SEEN THE SAME THING WITH SOME FOLKS WALKING ALONG THE STREET. THEY SEE A PERFECTLY NORMAL BOY AND RUSH RIGHT UP TO HIM. IF THEY KEEP DOING THAT, THEY'LL MEET THE SAME FATE BILL HOWARD DID. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO RUSH UP TO ANY ANIMAL WITHOUT FIRST LETTING HIM GET TO KNOW YOU AND MAKE FRIENDS.

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ON NOW, PARTNERS. THANKS AGAIN FOR ALL THOSE GRAND LETTERS. BLACK JACK AND I SAME DO APPRECIATE THEM. TILL NEXT MONTH, THEN, IT'S SO LONG AND GOOD RIDIN'!

YOUR PAL,

*Allan Rocky "Lane"*

AND BLACK JACK



# DEE DICKENS

IN

## THE LAST GULP









# GOOD FORMULA

HOWDY, CHAMBERS, I WONDER IF YUH CAN GIVE ME SOME ADVICE? I'VE BEEN INVITED TO TALK AT A TOWN HALL MEETING!

WELL, WHAT DO YUH WANT TO KNOW?

WHAT IS THE FORMULA FOR A GOOD SPEECH?

OH, I CAN TELL YUH THAT...

...HAVE A GOOD BEGINNING AND A GOOD ENDING, AND KEEP THEM CLOSE TOGETHER!



# QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAP ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE QUIZMASTER! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD, 3 CORRECT, GOOD, 2 CORRECT, FAIR, 1 CORRECT, POOR.

1 MINNESOTA IS KNOWN AS THE STATE OF 10,000 LAKES.

True  False



2 A MAUSOLEUM IS AN ORNATE TOMB.

True  False



3 WOODROW WILSON FOLLOWED THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

True  False

4 THE SNAKE RIVER CAN-  
YOU IMAGINE IT'S  
LARGER THAN THE GRAND CANYON.



5 THE MAUSOLEUM WAS NAMED AFTER MUS-  
SOLINI.

True  False

HO!

HO!

FOLLOW THE FUN

WITH

FUNNY  
ANIMALS

COMIC  
MAGAZINE

HEE!  
HEE!

HAW!  
HAW!

HA! HA!

NEW AND  
FUNNIER  
CHARACTERS!

and a

BARREL OF  
LAUGHS.

ON EACH  
HILARIOUS PAGE!

10¢ BUY A COPY ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

# Rocky Lane

"REVENGE"

IT TAKES A REAL MAN--A MAN AMONG MEN--TO DELIBERATELY COURT THE DARK SHADOW OF DEATH! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE DOES, WITH HIS FAITHFUL STALLION, BLACK JACK, BY HIS SIDE AS HE BATTLES DEATH!



ON THE FRONTIER SETTLER'S TOWN OF RED DUST, THE CIVIC LEADERS GATHER!

I'M GOING TO TURN THINGS OVER TO SHERIFF MEAD NOW, FRIENDS I TAKE OVER, SHERIFF!



THANK YOU, MAYOR. AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS HERE STRONG BOX CONTAINS ALL THE CLAIMS TO THE NEW TERRITORY YOU SETTLERS HAVE JUST STAKED OUT!



THE CLAIMS INSIDE THIS BOX MUST BE RUSHED TO THE CLAIMS OFFICE IN DEXTER COUNTY! THAT IMPORTANT MISSION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MAN WHO CAN DO IT IF ANYONE CAN---MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, ROCKY, THAT DAKOTA DAWSON AND HIS THIENN' WARMINTS WILL BE AFTER THIS BOX!

I KNOW, SHERIFF! IF THEY GET IT THEY'LL CHANGE THE CLAIMS TO THEIR OWN NAMES AND FILE THEM!

BUT THEY WON'T, SHERIFF MEAD! THE LAND CLAIMS OF THE TOWNSFOLK WILL REACH THE CLAIMS OFFICE!

WE'RE ALL COUNTING ON YOU, ROCKY!



GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!



KEEP THOSE HOOPS MOVIN', BLACK JACK! DAKOTA DAWSON MIGHT BE OUT TO CORRAL US AT ANY TIME!



I TOLD YEH HE'D COME THROUGH THE HILLS! IT'S THE FASTEST ROUTE TO DEXTER COUNTY!



THEY'LL BE SORRY! C'MON, LET'S GIT THOSE CLAIMS!

AND MOMENTS LATER, AS  
ROCKY RIDES THROUGH A  
MOUNTAIN DESILE --



NOT SO FAST,  
YOU DRY-  
GULCHING  
VARMIN !

QUICK, JED---  
GIT THE OTHER  
ONE ON HIM !



I'VE GOT  
HIM ! NOW  
GET HIM.  
OFF THAT  
HOSS !



OOF!

GOOO!



BUT WHEN THE TWO OUTLAWS CLOSE IN ON ROCKY---

MOT YET,  
YOU SAGE  
LIZARDS !

WHA Tass

UH!

POW!

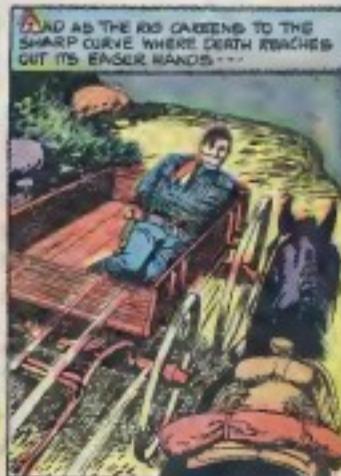


YOU COYOTES DIDN'T  
RECKON YOU'D HAVE  
THINGS THAT EASY,  
DID YOU ?

ILL GIT THE  
OOOWW !





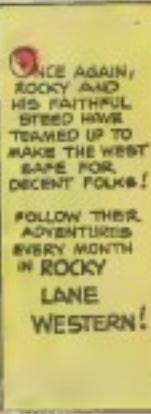
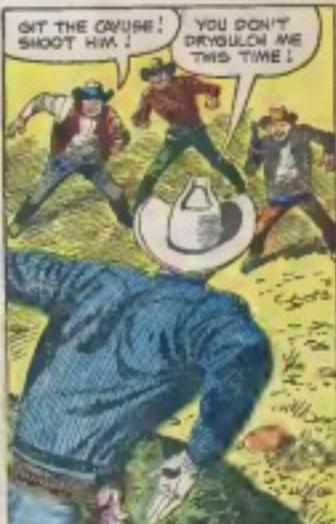


...BLACK JACK STRETCHES HIS LONG, POWERFUL NECK FORWARD, AND...



SOON AFTER...





# SAGE BRUSH

"WIDE AWAKE READER"



# THE PUEBLOS



IN THE WESTERN PART OF AMERICA A STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS CALLED PUEBLOS EXIST. THEY LIVE IN ADOBE BUILDINGS THAT ARE MADE OF CLAY BRICKS DRIED IN THE SUN.



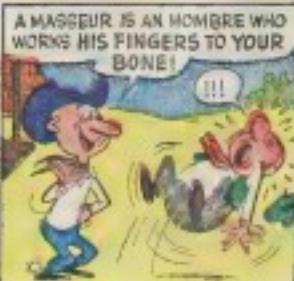
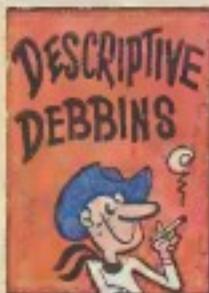
THE ADOBE DWELLING BUILT IN THREE AND FOUR TIERS CAN BE ENTERED BY CLIMBING LADDERS TO TERRACES AND ROOF AND THEN DESCENDING THROUGH TRAP DOORS.



THE PUEBLOS HAVE DANCES TO INVOKES ALL SORTS OF FAVORS OF THEIR GODS. THE DANCE, SOMETIMES, IS A PRAYER FOR A GOOD CROP OF COLTS OR, PERHAPS, FOR A SUCCESSFUL SEASON OF HORSE TRADING.



THE WOMAN'S WORK CONSISTS MAINLY IN GRINDING MEAL BETWEEN STONES, THE BAKING OF BREAD IN BEEHIVE-SHAPED OVENS AND THE RAISING OF THE CHILDREN.



# The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—sho-  
tly fed up with having lumpy, has-  
hairy bodies? Wish you could? If you  
have, then give me just 15 minutes a  
day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body  
you'll be proud of, packed with re-  
built vitality!

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the secret!  
That's how I changed myself from a  
scrawny, 95-pound weakling to winner  
of the title, "World's Most Perfectly  
Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!  
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 min-  
utes a day, in the privacy of your own  
room, you quickly begin to put on muscle,  
increase your chest size, broaden your  
back, straighten your legs and toes. This  
easy, NATURAL method will make you  
a finer specimen of **REAL MANHOOD**  
than you ever dreamed you could be!

### Ten Out Results FAST!

Almost before you realize it, you will  
get a general "loosening up" of your en-  
tire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and  
air in your chest! You get stronger, harder  
fists, a brawny rear, punch-chest and  
back muscles so big they almost split  
your coat seams—edges of solid stomach  
muscles—mighty legs that never get tired.  
You're a New Man!

### FREE... My 32-Page Illustrated Book

Not \$1.00 or 10¢—But **FREE**

Send **NOW** for my famous book,  
"Revolving Health and Strength," 32  
pages, packed with photographs, valuable  
advice. Shows what Dynamic Tension  
can do, answers vital questions. Book  
is a real prize for any fellow who wants a  
better build. Yet I'll  
send you this  
**FREE**—just  
glancing through—any  
change your whole life. Rush coupon to me  
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ATLAS, Dept. 2320**,  
118 East 32nd St.,  
New York 10, N. Y.



Actual photo of the  
man who holds the  
title, "The World's  
Most Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-Q**  
118 East 32nd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic  
Tension" will help make a New Man of me—  
give me a healthy, lanky body and big muscular  
development. Send me your free book, "Ever  
lasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 At under 24 years of age check here for booklet A

